



Prologue:

“Jordan?” Jc came bursting through the front door. The other four followed slowly. When they came into the front room, everything was dark. Lights were turning on as Jc searched the rooms. He finally found his little sister in her room, buried under the sheets. “Oh god, Jordan.” He tried to pull the sheets back but they were pulled back on. “Please, Jordan.” A sniffle came from under the blanket and he ripped the sheet back. A girl was in a ball with her eyes squeezed shut. Her face was red and wet from crying, which was still happening. Jc encircled his sister and pulled her up. “Shh, it’s going to be okay.” Their parents left for dinner and were in an accident on the highway two days before. Jordan was home when the police came by and told her about their death. Jc got a call from a relative the day after, and he and the guys flew over to get Jordan who wasn’t answering the phone at all.

The others stood by the door: Lance, Justin, Joey, and Chris who didn’t know much about Jc’s sister. Apparently, she was a year younger than Justin and Jc wanted her to stay with him. They were starting a tour quite soon but that really didn’t stop any of them. Chris stared as Jordan clung closer to Jc, grabbing his shirt and sobbing into the front. Jc had tears falling down his own face. It just made him hold tighter to Jordan.

“Jordan, look at me. Please.” Jc pulled Jordan off of him and lifted her chin. Red and wet hazel eyes look up into Jc’s and he wipes tears that fall a stray. “It isn’t the end of the world. You’re coming home with me sweetie.” Jordan’s lips trembled and Jc placed a finger over them. “Stop crying. Go to sleep.” He got up but Jordan didn’t let go.

“Please don’t go Josh. Please stay.” She whispered. Jc sat back down.

“Okay, just go to sleep.” Jordan slowly lies down, sniffing. Jc pulls the covers over both of them and holds her to his chest. Jc hums a sweet melody; their mom hummed this for them

when they were little kids. Jordan soon falls fast asleep, brow relaxing and her grip loosening. The guys walk into the room and sit around the bed.

“What are you going to do with her Jc?” Joey asks, rubbing her foot that was under the sheet.

“Joey, stop that.” The foot kicked and he retracted his hand. Justin chuckled and got smacked by Lance.

“I thought it was hers.” Joey said.

“She isn’t wearing shoes.” Jc rubs Jordan’s back whose breathing evens out and turns to a slight snore. He smiles.

Joey grunted. “Well-” Joey blew a raspberry and looks around the room. Basic teal green walls, a desk and chair with a computer, and a dresser in the corner with a TV on top; a basic teenager’s room. Posters of Backstreet Boys and Britney Spears were up too. All signed. He saw above her bed a big poster signed by Lance Bass. He looked at Lance, who was staring at it too.

“Tomorrow we’ll help her get all of her stuff and we’ll go home. I have a room for her.” Jc pulled away slowly from Jordan and she let go of him fully. He sat up and looked at the guys. “I hope this doesn’t conflict with our schedule.”

“No, Jc. It doesn’t.” Lance said, still staring at the poster. “Does she like me or something?” All the guys looked above her bed.

“Whoa, I never knew.” Justin giggled as Jc sat up and looked at it more closely. “It’s signed, Mr. Bass.” Lance stood and looked too.

“I don’t really remember signing anything for her. Then again, I sign millions each day so...” The picture was one from seventeen magazines. It said so on the top. “Has she ever mentioned liking me? Even just a little more than you guys?”

“Not really. I haven’t really talked to her in a while. We don’t have the same relationship we did before MMC.” Jc looked down on his sleeping sister. They were best friends when they were kids. Once he joined MMC, they weren’t as close. ‘N Sync started and they really weren’t as close. Jordan would stay with him once in a while, but it was rare. Jc thought this would be a chance to get acquainted again.

“Well, I’m really sleepy. I’m going to go crash somewhere.” Justin stood and stretched, showing a little of his stomach. Chris tickled him under the arms and he grinned, bending at the waist in a silent laugh. “Dick.”

“Hey!” Jc turned and stared at them. “Quiet. I don’t want her to wake. And another thing,” Jc walked over to where the guys were standing, “Please watch what you say around her. Last I’ve heard she still doesn’t like such harsh language.” They nodded and all of them walked from the room. Jc leads them into his old bedroom and said two can fit in the bed. Lance shrugged and sat on the bed; more like falls on it.

“Who wants to sleep with me?” Lance asked into the bed sheets.

“You’re sick.” Justin said. Lance grinned and climbed up the bed. “Why not.” Justin climbed on too. Chris clapped.

“Finally, some boy on boy action here.” Joey grabbed him by his hair and dragged him from the room. Jc rubbed his tired eyes.

"Don't bust anything." He walks out too. Once settled, Lance stared into the ceiling, pondering the poster above Jordan's bed.

"Hey, Juju?" He asked quietly. Justin groans. "Do you think Jordan has a little crush on me?"

"Well with that sized poster... don't know, don't care." He pulled the sheets up higher over himself and Lance heard him lightly snore. Just like Jordan's, he thought. Lance dozed off listening to Justin, thinking about the poster and Jordan.

Jc stares at his parent's bed. He couldn't believe they were gone. He curled up in the sheets, thinking about the times he and Jordan would sleep with their parents in this bed. Jc silently cried himself to sleep.

*

Jordan opened her eyes. She sat up, sniffing the air. Standing up, Jordan stumbled into the kitchen to find Lance at the stove making French toast. She stood there, watching him hum to a simple tune and shake his body slightly. Jordan giggled and he turned. "Good mourning sleepy head." Jordan walked to the counter, sitting on a stool. "You must get up early like me, unlike your brother whose hobby is to sleep." Jordan hummed a response, watching Lance dish out the toast. Sprinkling some powder sugar on each plate, he turned with plates in hand and placed one in front of Jordan. Lance sat down and handed her a fork. "Have a good night?" Jordan took the fork and shrugged. "Well, that's something."

Jordan poked at the toast, finally realizing what has happened in the past three days. "I really thought it was a dream." Jordan said quietly. Lance looked up. "I wish I could go back to sleep and pretend this is a dream."

"But then you can't move on. You'd be stuck in time." Lance stood to pour each of them a glass of milk.

"That would be nice." Jordan cut a piece of toast off and stuck it into her mouth. A smile appeared on her face.

"You like it?" Lance asked, pulling out two glasses and pouring milk into each. Jordan nodded, eating more. Lance place a cup in front of her and sat down to continue eating himself. They ate in silence for a while, the only sound being the clacking of fork against plate. Once Jordan finished, she put her plate into the sink and finished her milk. Lance watched her as she leaned against the counter, looking down at the ground. "Are you okay?"

"No." Jordan choked. Lance didn't waste time. He stood up and walked in front of Jordan. She rushed into him and clung to his shirt. Jordan cried onto Lance's shoulder and he wrapped his arms around her waist. "Hey, hey. It's going to be okay." Lance rubs her back and he looked over to see the other guys standing there. Lance looked out the window, wondering if the crying would ever stop.

Chapter 1:

Jordan stared out the plane window. She watched the clouds and the birds fly past, not really thinking about anything.

"Jordan?" Jc sat down next to Jordan, patting her knee. She turned her head. "You really got to move on. I know it's hard, but..." Jordan leaned over and kissed him on the lips, resting her head on his shoulder.

"Shut up Josh, I'm over it. Mostly..." Jc smiled and put his arm over her shoulders, resting his head on top hers. Lance sat in a seat a little ways behind them, and watched. Joey tapped his head, and he looked over. Joey pointed at Jordan and grinned. Lance shoved him, deciding to look at Chris and Justin who fell asleep together on the couch. I don't have a crush on Jordan, he thought. I wonder if there's something going on between Justin and Chris...

*

"You going to be okay while I'm away?" Jordan nodded. "You have my cell; you know where we are..."

"Josh, I am not a 14 year old who is babysitting your kids. I'm your 17-year-old sister whose lived with you for a two weeks. Leave now." Jordan pushed Jc out the door towards Justin who was leaning against his car.

"Okay, just don't do anything stupid!" Jordan shut the door and locked it. She walked into the living room, turning on the TV and opening her book.

"God, maybe she should come with us..."

"Jc! She's more responsible than me." Justin said, pulling out of the driveway. "Leave her be."

"I just hope by the time we come back for dinner nothing has been destroyed." Jc leaned back into his seat and watched the houses pass by.

"Oh, she'll be fine." They reached the recording studio ten minutes later and walked in. A couple hours later, they all were driving back to Jc's house for dinner. They all pulled up at the same time and walked to the door. Jc knocked, and no one answered. "Oh, boy..." He unlocked the door and walked in. They entered the kitchen where the kitchen table was full of home-cooked food and five table settings.

"Yum!" Chris said, walking over. They others sat at the table. Lance, however, went into the living room where Jordan was in front of the TV with her own food and watching Rugrats.

"You aren't going to join us?" Jordan looked up, and then turned back turned back to the TV.

"Nope. It's just for you guys to settle down and have fun without me. I have my food." Jordan held up her plate.

"Did you cook all day?"

"No. I was going to make food and then eat with you guys. But I didn't eat anything all day so I went in here to eat and watch my shows."

"You sound like a house wife."

"I was bored and wanted to cook. Its fun, not a womanly chore Josh forced me into."

"Why do you call him Josh?"

"I've always called him that. I hate Jc. It doesn't fit him at all."

"Oh."

"Well?" Jordan turned and faced him. "Go eat before they eat it all." Jordan faced the TV and ignored Lance. He walked back to the kitchen and ate with the guys. The food was great, and they had fun. Afterwards, the guys were sitting around talking when Jordan came in. The men stood and applauded her. Jordan smiled and placed her plate in the sink, bowing twice before stealing a spoon and walking out with a gallon of chocolate ice cream. Once she left, it took the men a second before realizing what she did and chased after her with there own spoons. They sat around passing off the ice cream while talking about the tour. Jordan kept quiet, all the time thinking about Lance. She watched him laugh, act serious, then lick his spoon. When Lance caught her eye, he smiled and she looked over at Justin. Lance really wasn't stupid.

Jordan was passed the last of the ice cream and she walked into the kitchen after finishing off the rest. Lance followed with the guys' spoons. "Thanks for dinner Jordan. I, we, really appreciate it."

"No problem." Jordan dropped the container into the trash and sucked on her spoon. Lance watched and grinned. "What?"

"Well, you were staring at me. Why can't I stare back?"

"I wasn't staring." Jordan dropped her spoon into the dishwasher, Lance following.

"Then what do you call you can't take your eyes off of me and when I look at you, you act like you weren't drooling over me." Jordan shoved him and he laughed.

"I wasn't the only one staring."

"I didn't know you saw me admiring your brother." Jordan gasped and shoved Lance again. He grabbed her arms. "You know your digging your hole even deeper with this flirting."

"I am not flirting." Jordan said laughing. Lance grinned and watched her laugh. Jordan stopped laughing and looked back. Lance's grin fell and he looked at Jordan's lips. Lance licked his own that were getting dry, and Jordan mimicked. Lance leaned forward, almost unintentionally. Lance pressed his lips against Jordan's... and waited. Jordan could feel Lance's tongue poking at her lips and she opened. Jordan's arms went around Lance and kissed him back. Their lips moved together and they only broke away once, only to press against one another again.

"What the hell?" Lance opened his eyes to see the guys standing at the entrance to the kitchen. Jordan pulled out of Lance's arms completely and blushed horribly. "When did this start?" Jc asked. Before anyone could do anything more, Jordan ran out of the room and up to her room. Lance ran right after Jordan, leaving behind four very confused people.

"Okay, we walk in and they are kissing. Now Jordan looks like she's going to cry. How emotional is she Jc?" Chris asked. Jc shrugged and sat down.

"I'm going to stay here and hope nothing bad happens."

"Jordan?" Lance walked in, shutting the door behind him. Jordan was at her desk staring out the window.

"Hi Lance." Lance walked up and stood behind her.

"You okay?"

"Not really."

"How are you not okay?"

"I'm fucking embarrassed." And Jc said she didn't like such harsh words, Lance thought.

"So am I."

"You know them way more then me, Lance."

"True." He sat at the edge of the desk, looking down at Jordan as she stared out the window. "That was a nice kiss though."

"Yah, it was. Want to do it again?" Jordan looked up at Lance and he blushed slightly.

"Yes." Jordan stood up and was the one who leaned in this time. Lance's hands went to lie on Jordan's hips, and Jordan placed hers on Lance's chest. Jordan's tongue went into Lance's mouth and he stood. They finally broke apart, and they looked at each other flushed. Jordan pulled Lance to the bed and they lay side-by-side kissing until there was a knock on the door. Lance pulled away.

"What?" He called. Jordan kissed his neck and licked it a bit. Lance closed his eyes.

"We are leaving. See you tomorrow." Justin called through the door.

"Bye." Lance moved his head so he could kiss Jordan again, and then moved down to her neck.

"Jordan?"

"What?"

"Thanks for din-din. We have to do this again."

"Okay, bye!" Lance rolled on top of Jordan, kissing her lips. His hand felt along her stomach, slowly going up till it reached the rim of her bra. Jordan broke away, sitting up.

"Sorry, I got..." Lance stopped mid-sentence when Jordan lifted off her shirt, showing her black bra. Lance kissed her, pushing her to the bed again.

*

Jordan opened her eyes. The light was beaming down on her and she squinted, rolling away. She gasped when she saw Lance next to her, fast asleep. Jordan lifted the sheets, showing Lance was in boxers and she was down to her bra and spandex. She smiled and snuggled into Lance who rolled onto his back, pulling Jordan with him. She fell back asleep.

*

Lance woke up, seeing the clock read 11:30. "Shit." He sat up, pushing Jordan off of him. He turned to look at Jordan, smiling. Lance leaned down and kissed her head, standing. He dressed, left a quick note on Jordan's desk, and left to go home and get ready.

Jc stopped him at the front door. "Lance, I didn't hear you come in."

"Actually, I was leaving."

"You slept with Jordan, didn't you?"

"No!" He turned to face Jc. "We just made out last night and fell asleep together. That's it."

"Good. See you later." Jc headed off into the kitchen, and Lance looked dumbfounded.

That's it? He thought. Wow, that was easy. He left the house, getting in his car and drove home. Jc must not hate me after all.

Chapter 2:

"Come on. You're coming with us to the studio."

"Why?" Jordan asked, pulling her sweatshirt over her head. Jc shrugged.

"I want you to see me in action."

"No thanks." Jc grabbed Jordan's arm. She grinned while being dragged down the stairs. Justin was blaring his car horn, making Jc plug his ears.

"Were here. Shut up already." Justin folded his arms. Jordan jumped into the back seat, letting Jc take the front. "Lets go." On the way there, Justin and Jc talked about the tour. Jordan closed her eyes and fell to sleep. When they pulled up, Lance and the others were waiting outside. Chris smiled and sat up when Justin waved. There is something going on between them, Jc thought. He got out of the car, turning and sighing. Jordan's head was back against the seat and she was fast asleep. Jc was about to wake her when, "I'll get her." Lance walked up and tapped her head, but she didn't respond. He shook her shoulder, but she only grunted. Lance smiled, leaning down to kiss her neck. Jordan opened her eyes, looking at Lance. She shot up, blushing when the others waved. Jordan slid down into her seat, blushing and waved back.

"Come on Lance. You can make out later, but now we have to record." Joey said, walking into the building. Lance smiled down at Jordan, tugging her out of the car.

"You sleep well?" He asked into Jordan's ear. She nodded.

"Very well, thanks to you." Lance pulled her into the building, but she pulled him against the wall instead. Jordan kissed Lance, pushing against his chest so he wouldn't move. Lance grabbed Jordan's waist, feeling up her shirt. Jordan broke away before he could go farther and walked into the building.

"You are evil." Lance complained. He followed Jordan into the building, holding onto her hand with a smile. Lance wasn't sure if they were a couple yet, but he would really enjoy it if they would. Jordan secretly felt the same.

Chris hummed the wedding march when they entered the room, Justin and Joey joining in. Jc hit his head against the wall. Jordan stuck her tongue out and Chris. "At least I have the guts to do something you can't." Chris went wide-eyed, along with Justin. Joey looked back and forth between the two. Joey really had no clue what was happening between them. Jordan shrugged, letting go of Lance's hand. "If you get it over with, maybe you won't tease us any more."

"Us?" Jordan looked at Lance, who had his head cocked to the side.

"Do you not want an 'us'?"

"I do, but I didn't really-" Jordan kissed him on the cheek, and he smiled. "'Us' is nice." He smiled and walked into the booth to record with a bound in his step. Jordan sat down, putting her headphones on and humming a Britney tune.

"Traitor!" Chris said, shoving her over so he could sit. Jordan didn't hear. "I don't like you any more. Jc, get rid of her." He kicked his feet like a child and Jc hit his head again. Joey patted Jc's back, watching Justin fiddle with his nails. He seemed embarrassed. Joey walked over to Justin, tapping his shoulder.

Justin's head shot up. "You okay Juju?" He looked back down, shrugging. "Why did what Jordan said earlier make you freak out like Chris?" He didn't respond. "Is there something...?" Jordan and Chris singing out Hit Me Baby One More Time by Britney Spears interrupted him. He groaned. "Maybe another time." Justin nodded.

"Jc, did you know she had such an awesome voice?" Jc opened his eyes to Chris pointing at Jordan, who was mouthing the lyrics.

Jc smiled. "I've always known that. I wanted her to join MMC with me, but she said she couldn't act. Bull shit." Jordan's head shot up and she glared at her brother. "Sorry. I mean bull crap." She put her head back down. "She hides it a lot around others. Not me though." He walked over and sat next to her. "We would sing in the bath tub together as kids." Jordan blushed furiously as they all cracked up laughing. Jordan nailed Jc in the groin with a small smile. He doubled over. Jordan put both headsets on and thought about the day Josh took her to see Britney Spears in concert for her birthday. It was awesome.

"God that hurt."

"You deserved it." Lance came walking out of the booth. "Your turn Juju." Justin hurried in, wanting to take his mind off Chris and onto their music. Whenever he recorded, he pretended he was singing to Chris, who was in the middle of a screaming crowd of fans. Chris made everything brighter for them, and Justin couldn't help but be in love with Chris. Justin closed his eyes the first few beats, and then opened them to see Chris watching. He automatically belted his parts, hitting them right on. Chris smiled. Chris was nuts over Justin, and he knew that Justin felt the same. Jordan made a good point. Chris looked over at Jordan and Lance, who were talking quietly, holding hands. He wanted what they had; even if they just started dating, he wanted that. Chris watched Justin sing and pictured that Justin was singing to him, picking him out of a crowd of girls. It made him smile.

"So we're are now a couple; boyfriend and girlfriend; dating." Lance said, sitting down. Jordan sat next to him and nodded.

"I guess so. You want this? Cause frankly I'm just glad I got to kiss and make out with you." Lance rubbed Jordan's knee. Jordan placed her hand on top of his and laced their fingers together.

"I do want this. You've grown on me since you came here. I've actually like seeing you every time you were with Jc for a while." Lance smiled and looked over at Jordan who laughed and looked at the ceiling.

"I had a feeling. I thought I was just daydreaming you were liking me, but you actually did."

"Yeah. And I always thought you liked me too." Lance leaned over to kiss Jordan's lips, but she didn't look down and leaned her head a little to her right. He ended up kissing her neck. Neither of them cared.

"Why did you say what you said earlier Jordan?" He whispered into her ear. "About Chris not having the guts to do what we are doing?"

"He loves Justin, who loves him back. Chris knows that but won't do anything. He's a chicken."

"He has always been like that. Have you just met him?"

“Sort of, yes. I’m going to tell Justin and have him do it for pete sake.” Lance kissed Jordan’s neck again. Jordan set her stuff down and pulled him down to the vending machines. Lance gently pressed her against the wall and kissed her neck more, while Jordan shut her eyes and moaned.

*

“Hi Chris.” Justin was sitting on the bench outside the studio, drinking a coke. Chris walked out and sat next to him. It was a little late, but the others were working still. They had a rule everyone left at the same time. It was only fair everyone was tortured by each other. That’s what made them such a great group, how they had to put up with everything. “Why are you out here?”

“To talk with you.” Justin faced Chris, questioning why he would talk with him now. “About earlier.”

“Huh?” Justin sat up and thought back to earlier that day. “I don’t know what you’re saying.”

“Maybe this will help.” Chris leaned over, kissing Justin on the lips. Justin gasped, then moaned when Chris’s tongue snaked into his mouth. Justin put his hand on Chris’s knee, which in return put his hand on the back of Justin’s head. They were like that for a minute, and then Chris broke away.

“Oh, now I know what you mean.” Justin smiled, wanting to kiss Chris again.

“Um... do you want to go out to dinner tomorrow? It’s our day off. If you don’t I understand, but-” Justin shushed Chris with his finger.

“I would love to go to dinner with you. On one condition,” Justin dropped his hand and kissed Chris again. “Will you be my boyfriend?” Chris sealed the deal with another kiss.

Inside, Jordan watched Jc sing his solo on This I Promise You and smiled. Joey did too, and she nudged him. Joey looked and she whispered into his ear,

“How gay is ‘N Sync anyways?”

*

“So, are you gay Josh?” Jordan asked.

“WHAT?” Jc’s head shot up. “What makes you ask such a question?”

“I just have a weird feeling you are. Weird as in I have a gay-dar and I’m not afraid to use it.”

“I’m not answering that.”

“You don’t know yet, do you?”

“I do know, I’m just ignoring you since you’re in one of your moods.”

“I think your more on the bi-straight side of things. A little gay, but mostly straight.”

"I'm leaving." Jc stood and walked from the room. He lies down on his bed, staring up into the ceiling. "I don't care what she says, I'm straight." He turned off the lights, climbing under the covers. "Mostly."

*

"Joe, your bi right?"

"WHAT?" Joey pulled the phone from his ear and gasped. "Is this why you called?"

"I want to know. Why can't a person ask someone if they are gay and get a straight answer? Wait an answer."

"Maybe because the person asking is crazy?"

"I asked Jc and he refused to answer."

"Well, I am too. Good night J." Joey hung up the phone, rolling over in bed. "I still don't see how they are related. They are two completely different people." He closed his eyes and tried to sleep but couldn't.

*

"Justin, how did you realize you were gay?"

"Um... I fell in love with Chris. Why Jc?"

"Just asking."

"Is that all you called for? Do you have something you want to say to me?"

"No. Good night." Jc hung up the phone, rolling back over and falling to sleep.

"Okay then." Justin put the phone on the base, sitting back down next to Chris. "Jc just asked me how I knew I was gay."

"He's strange. Just like his sister." Chris lays his head in Justin's lap, playing the movie. "You found out you were gay when you fell in love with me?"

"Yeah." Justin rubbed his face. He put his hand on Chris head, running his fingers through the hair there. "I thought you were hot in Germany, but I was young. My mom said that's normal and I would grow out of it. Instead, I grew fonder of you and I declared myself gay. Never slept with a girl since."

"I knew I was gay my whole life. Meeting you, it just sealed the deal I guess."

"Wow." Justin kissed Chris. "I love you."

"I love you." Chris rolled his head over, letting Justin peck his lips, and then turned back to their movie.

*

"Lance, your girlfriend called me bi."

"And you woke me up for this why?"

“Because, I can’t get it out of my head.”

“Joey, Jordan is like that. She knew Justin and Chris were in love and she doesn’t know them all that well. Now she says your bi. Are you?”

“Why do people keep asking me this? I’m not bi!”

“Then what are you if you keep freaking out over it?” Lance heard a dial tone, and put his cell down. He contemplated calling Jordan, but then rolled over and passed out. Joey stood in his kitchen with his phone in hand. He placed it on the base then walked back upstairs to his bed. He fell face down on the pillows and mumbled,

“Because people can’t know I’m gay if I don’t even know yet.”

*

“How I love to confuse people.” Jordan turned on the TV. She leaned back into the lounge chair and watched Rugrats. Jordan always watched Rugrats to take her mind off things. She pulled her blanket higher up, falling asleep around midnight. She woke up in a deep sweat around three. She started to lightly cry, walking into the kitchen and picking up the phone. She wanted to talk to someone far away, but she didn’t know anyone who would pick up the phone so early in the morning. Jordan walked back into the living room, snuggling up in the chair and staring at the phone while Rugrats brightened up the darkened room. She dialed Lance’s home phone. Immediately someone picked up.

“Hello?”

“Lance?”

“Jordan? What’s the matter? Are you crying?”

“Sort of. I needed to talk to someone. Not Josh, but someone.”

“What happened to you? Its 3 in the morning.”

“I can’t really remember. I awoke in a cold sweat, and... and....” Jordan started to sob.

“Did you have a nightmare?”

“I don’t know. I can’t stop crying. I don’t know what’s happening. I can’t even...” She started to hyperventilate. “I can’t breath.”

“You’re having a panic attack. Try to calm down and take deep breaths.”

“I can’t Lance. I feel like... something bad... help!” The phone dropped and Jordan sobbed harder, trying to breath. She didn’t remember how this started, but she couldn’t calm down at all.

“Jordan? Jordan! I’m coming over.” Lance hung up, grabbing his keys and running out to his car. He drove over to Jc’s house, plugging in the security code. Lance was tired but couldn’t sleep that night. He was drinking a glass of milk in the kitchen when Jordan called. Now, he was unlocking Jc’s house and running through to find her. Jordan was on the couch in a ball, shaking. He grabbed her arms and shook her. “Jordan? Jordan!” Lance started to panic as well. Jc came running down the stairs. He turned on the light, running over to Lance.

“What happened to her?” Jc petted Jordan’s head, but she hid her face more.

“I don’t know. Jordan called a while ago, telling me she woke up in a cold sweat. Then she broke down sobbing and she panicked. I had to come over because I didn’t know if you would wake.”

“God, she’s having a panic attack. Did she have a nightmare?”

“She doesn’t know. She can’t really remember how she got this way. I’m thinking she did.” Jc sat next to Jordan, pulling her up into his lap. Lance sat at her feet, pulling them up onto his lap. She flattened out on top of them, still shaking with her head in Jc’s lap. “I sometimes have a dream, then forget it once a wake. Maybe that’s how she got this way.”

“Probably. Lets just get her to calm down. Then maybe she’ll remember.” The three were like that for a half an hour. Finally, Jordan rose and sat in between them. She rubbed her eyes, containing herself. She was very embarrassed, thinking of herself as childish and a helpless human being. The guys didn’t think so at all. Jordan sniffled, looking at Lance then Jc and taking a shaky sigh.

“I’m so sorry. I didn’t mean to do this. I didn’t want Lance to come over; I just wanted to talk with him.”

“I was already awake. Besides, I thought you were going to collapse or something.” Lance put his arm around Jordan, pulling her against him. Jc patted her knee.

“I heard Lance, who’s louder than you when he wants to be.” Lance shoved him, both grinning. Jordan forced a quick smile and rubbed her eyes. “If you’re okay, I’ll let you be alone.” Jc stood and walked back upstairs.

“Are you okay sweetie?” Jordan stared at the TV. “You scared me pretty badly.”

“I know. I’ll be okay. I just don’t want to remember what caused this.”

“Well, if you did you probably could have handled it yourself. Just the fact you can’t remember...”

“Made me thoroughly confused?”

“Yes.” Lance kissed Jordan’s head. “You want me to stay? I’m in my PJ’s already.”

“Would you?” Lance lies down on the couch, Jordan climbing up on top of him. “Thank you.”

“Your welcome.” He pulled the blanket over both of them and rubbed Jordan’s back. They watched Rugrats until they finally fell asleep together. Luckily it was their day off, since they all slept till noon.

Chapter 3:

"Wow, sounds like you guys had a nice morning." Jc nodded. Joey patted his hand and a spark shot up Jc's spine. "She's alright?"

"Yeah. Lance took her out shopping, but I don't really think she's going to get a lot of stuff. She really isn't like other girls. If Lance wanted to blow some money, he's better off with me and Justin."

"Wow. You guys are related how?"

"Beats me. Have the same mom for sure. Maybe not the same dad."

"Don't beat yourself up over it. Want to go see a movie?"

"Why not. I'm free all day today." He stretched, his shirt riding up a little. Joey stared at the spot of skin, wanting to touch it. He banished the thought instantly. "Let us go." Joey dropped a twenty on the counter and they stepped out of the café and got into Jc's red convertible. Joey watch Jc talk about the tour, using it to his advantage to size him up. I am gay, Joey thought. I can't help but love this guy.

Why is Joey looking at me like that? Jc thought. Am I not the only one who has a crush or am I thinking too much? Jc watched the road and turned on the radio. Probably...

*

"Lance, I told you. I am not into shopping. You guys think you can buy a woman's love."

"It works." Jordan smacked Lance, walking down the 2nd level at the mall. They walked into a McDonald's, sitting down in the back. Lance pulled on his hood and sunglasses. "I don't want to be recognized or you'll be kidnapped by the teenies." Jordan chuckled, looking around the restaurant. The only ones in the place were two old couples and a little kid who just ran in. A teen girl came after him. The boy dived under their table.

"What the-" Lance looked under the table and the little boys smiled. Jordan grinned as Lance hit his head against the table and sighed.

"Bobby, get over here. Don't disturb the people here." She walked over. "Sorry. He had a little sugar earlier."

"Sounds like a guy I know." Jordan said. Lance groaned. "Don't mind him. Here..." Jordan dived under the table, chasing the boy out.

The girl grabbed him. "Thank you." She pulled him out of the restaurant. "Mom is going to kick your butt."

"Should we save him from the wrath of mother, or do I need to get you some meds for the migraine?"

"Drugs, I need drugs!"

"Keep saying something like that, and securities going to think you need something stronger than Advil."

"Okay." Jordan pulled out a few Advil and Lance shot them back. "Thank you."

"Your welcome." A few minutes later, Lance and Jordan left the food court and walked down to the first level. Lance took off his glasses to clean them and someone yelled,

"Oh my god, it Lance Bass!" Jordan screeched to a halt, turning slowly as people started to look their way. Lance grinned, putting his glasses back on. A few girls ran up to him, begging for an autograph. Lance agreed. Soon Jordan was pushed away when girls nearly all ages swarmed the ever-famous Lance Bass. Lance seemed to pay no mind to it, feeling happy he could be so nice to his fans. Girls ended up pushing Jordan out of the store and she leaned against the wall. Jordan wondered if they would ever get alone time, or if the only way she could be with her boyfriend was in undercover shit like this. She leans her head against the wall of the building and closed her eyes. There was a tap on her shoulder a second later.

"What?"

"Can I have your autograph?" Jordan's eye opened slowly, showing the first few girls that swarmed Lance in the first place.

"Um... why?"

"Because your Jordan Chasez right?"

"Who needs to know?" Apparently, Jc and Jordan were on the news. When word broke out of their parent's death, paparazzi wanted to get the goods on how they were dealing with it. Now a few girls actually knew who she was, just because she was related to the ever-famous Jc Chasez.

"Please?" Jordan took the paper and pen. The girl spun around, and Jordan placed the paper on her back. She has never signed an autograph before, so she wrote down: Thanks for recognizing me! Jordan Glenn. She always used her middle name. The girl smiled.

"Thanks, you're so awesome." The two girls walked off into the parking lot, conversing about meeting Jordan Chasez and Lance Bass. Jordan smiled, sliding down the wall and sun bathing. She soon felt lips on her neck. Jordan shot her eyes open, seeing Lance grinning down at her. Jordan stretched.

"Took you long enough."

"Sorry. Took a while for security to let me go. I'm use to it."

"I'm not though. You know, I just wanted a peaceful day with you and just one person has to recognize you and the day goes down the drain."

"We can go to the movies. Come on."

"I want to go home now, Lance."

"Jordan, I'm sorry. I could have just tried to escape but that's not me. I didn't think about you and I should have. Sorry." Lance walked up behind Jordan, putting his arms around her waist. He kissed her neck and Jordan sighed.

"Its okay, I guess. Just try not to let me get pushed completely out of the building next time."

"I saw that. I tried to get away, but all I saw were flashing lights and girl heads." Jordan leaned back into Lance's arms. He smiled into her neck, happy Jordan wasn't mad anymore. He really didn't want this to happen, but Jordan needed to understand what it's going to be like when

you date a celebrity. Jordan started to walk to the car, pulling Lance by the hand. Lance squeezed it and Jordan squeezed back, sliding her sunglasses down her face. Lance did the same, all the while talking on the way to the car.

“Do you still want to see that movie?” Jordan asked.

“I'm free all day. What do you want to see? And please tell me it's not a chick flick.”

“Hell no. PG-13 movie with action, adventure, and some sex scenes.”

“Your my kind of girl.” Suddenly, a light flashed behind them. Lance turned, seeing paparazzi all over the place. Well, almost. Lance quickly pulled Jordan to the car.

“Lance, is it true you two are dating?”

“Hey you two; kiss for the camera.”

Lance quickly started the car, nearly running over the paparazzi try to get away. “God, I'm so sorry Jordan.”

“It's not your fault. Lets just go and see that movie.” Jordan rubbed Lance's knee and smiled. She now was a celebrity. Goody.

*

“Chris, you suck at basketball. Face it; I'm way better than you.” Justin said. Chris was bent over, grinning.

“Keep dreaming Timberlake. Were tied. The games not over till the fat one scores.” Justin bounced the ball back and forth between his hands as Chris swayed back and forth on his feet. Justin launched forward and tried to pass Chris but he knocked it from his hands. Chris turned and shoots the ball. It bounces off the rebound and falls straight through the net.

“Face it Justin; I'm better than you.”

“Best two out of three?” Justin called after a retreating Chris. He shook his head, grinning.

“In your dreams. I won fair and square.” Chris walked into his kitchen, pulling out two bottle waters. “Catch.” He tossed one over to Justin and he caught it in mid air.

“Fine. I'm still better in bed though.” Justin chugged his water. Chris crossed his arms.

“Is that a bet?” Justin set his water down. “Race you to the bedroom.” Chris darted up the stairs with Justin on his heels. Justin tackled him to the bed, laughing. He kissed Chris's neck and Chris clawed to get their shirts off.

“I love it when you sweat.” Justin licked down Chris's chest and pulled off his shorts.

“I love your ego, because you are better in bed that way.” Justin glared at Chris, grabbing his dick and he gasped. Chris flipped Justin so he was on the bed and Chris pulled off the rest of their clothes.

“I get top.” Justin said as Chris stroked his cock.

"It's my house. I get top." They then rolled around on the bed until Justin had Chris fully pinned underneath him.

"I'm the guest." Justin pulled out the lube and put one, two, three fingers into Chris. He squirmed and begged for more. Justin slipped a condom on and Chris put the lube on his fingers. He massaged Justin's hardening dick. Justin's head fell on Chris chest and he nearly came right then. Chris stopped and Justin slipped inside.

"God, your hot." Justin moved quickly in and out of Chris who came all over both of their chests.

"Okay, this time you win." Chris petted Justin's head that lies on his chest.

"Okay, but your pretty good yourself." Justin kissed and licked Chris's nipple, and Chris sighed.

"I love you." Justin lifted his head and looked Chris in the eye.

He kissed his lips and smiled. "Love you too."

*

Oh shit, his hand is so close to mine. Joey thought. Jc had one hand under his chin and the other on the armrest. His arm lies right next to Joey's and he can't help but barley touch there fingers together.

God, his fingers... Jc looked over and Joey was staring at the screen, looking completely content. *Should I?* Jc reaches over ever so slowly and put his hand on Joeys. After what seemed like forever, Joey turned his hand and laced his fingers through Jc's. They both smiled and continued to watch the movie. Afterwards, they drove over to Joey's.

"Movie was good." Joey said. Jc nodded. "Strange ending."

"Yeah." They were both silent. Jc was afraid to look at Joey, because he was the one who made the first move in the first place. Joey was about to make the second.

"Jc?" Jc hesitantly looked over at Joey. He was suddenly right there and kissing him. Jc gasped, giving Joey the chance to put his tongue inside. Jc really was confused, so he quickly pulled away.

"I'll see you later." Jc held the steering wheel and stared ahead. Joey quickly got out of the car and went inside. Jc speed home, crashing through the front doors and throwing himself down onto the couch. He silently cursed himself. "Why am I so stupid? Why can't I just accept myself?" He sat up and looked around the room. He was about to throw himself back onto the couch when he saw a baby picture of him and Jordan at the park. He had her on his shoulders. He remembers that. He fell over after that and they giggled like little girls, only he was a boy. That was the day he realized he was slightly different. Okay, maybe really different. He sat up and walked into his kitchen. Apparently, he didn't know Jordan and Lance were home.

"Hello." Jordan looked up and blushed. She quickly fixed her shirt and climbed off Lance. He picked up his shirt and rubbed his face. "You have a little lipstick right-" Jc motioned all around his face and Lance smiled. Jordan dragged him from the room and he quickly followed. Jordan's giggles came down the stairs along with Lance's low growl and Jc arched an eyebrow. Her door shut, and Jc went to the freezer, pulling out his favorite ice cream and a spoon. He would need to talk with Joey soon about this.

*

“Shit Joe. I never knew the major flirt would be gay.” Chris looks at Justin and he went wide-eyed. “So he flipped?”

“Yeah, basically. I screwed up.” Justin mouthed something to Chris and he squinted. Justin threw his hands in the air and grabbed the phone.

“Joey, I am sure Jc likes you that way just wait for him to realize it and he will come crawling to you.” Justin handed the phone back to Chris.

“Should I listen Justin?” Chris nodded, realizing he was on the phone.

“Yes, now if you can be so kind I’m busy over here. Good luck.” Chris hung up. He looked at Justin who was on the bed, with the sheet up to his waist. He lies on his side and he motioned Chris over to the bed with his finger. Chris smiled and walked over to him, pushing him down and attacking his neck. Justin’s arms went around Chris and he smiled, and then groaned when friction happened.

“Man, do they ever stop?” Joey put he phone down. He decided to call Lance’s cell, see if he could give him an answer. Lance picked up.

“What!” He said quiet harshly. Joey winced.

“Great, did I catch you at a bad time too?” He heard a sigh.

“No. Hold on Joe.” Jordan looked at Lance with a pout. Lance smiled but stood, walking into the bathroom. She was so close to getting those boxers off of him. “What is it?”

“Well, I kissed Jc.” Lance stared at his reflection. “And he freaked. Justin says he’s gay and to give him time and he’ll come crawling back to me soon enough. What do you think?”

“Um, I believe Justin there. I’ve always felt that Jc’s gay and when Jordan thinks he’s gay too I know its true. Go with your gut Joe. It’s worked before.” Joey nodded.

“Your right. Thanks Lance. I’ll lets you get back to Jordan.”

“How did you know?” Lance asked, turning to open the bathroom door again.

“My gut.” Lance chuckled and shut the phone. He walked out and stared at Jordan who was naked under the sheets.

“Oh yeah.” Lance dropped his boxers and Jordan smiled. Lance walked over and on top of her, kissing her neck and chest. He pulled the sheets away and was suckling on her nipples when there was a knock on the door. Lance didn’t stop though. He so was not stopping now.

“What? And don’t come in.” Jordan called, closing her eyes and panting silently.

“I’m leaving. Bye.” Jc called though the door.

“Bye.” Jordan said. She heard him run down the stairs and sighed. Lance kissed her neck, massaging her breasts. “Damn Bass.”

“I know.” Lance pulled the sheet fully away and kissed down her stomach. “Love you.” Lance looked up and saw Jordan smiled.

"I know. Love you too. Now keep up with what your doing or I'll take it back!" She suddenly arched her back and gasped when Lance's hand found her spot. "God yeah."

*

Jc stood outside Joey's house. He was scared to enter. He didn't know what he should do. He sat in his car and it soon started to rain. He got out but stood by the car. He hair was flat on his head and he was about to get back inside his car and leave when Joey opened the door and came out onto the porch.

"Jc? What are you doing?" Jc shook his head and unlocked his door. Joey quickly grabbed his arm and turned him, pressing him against the car. "Are you gay?" Jc nodded, wanting everything to get off his chest. "Do you like me?" Jc nodded.

"Yes."

"Then why did you freak?" Jc shook his head.

"I don't know. Why do I do anything?" Joey looked at Jc's wet lips and licked his own. Jc leaned forward kissing Joey. Joey's arms went quickly around Jc's waist and Jc's went around Joey's neck. Some people do get together like in the movies. *Just like the one we saw today*, Joey and Jc both thought.

*

"Well, now that's one hell of a love story there. I swear its like the movie Lance and I saw yesterday." Jordan said when Jc told her what happened.

"I thought the same thing. You saw that new one didn't you?"

"Yep. Lance chose it. Not me."

"Joey and I both wanted to see it."

"You know I always thought those story book love stuff wasn't real but now I can see it isn't uncommon."

"Oh yeah." Jc smiled and flipped the burger in the pan. "So how did your day go with Lance yesterday anyways?"

"It was good. We get attacked by teenies and someone noticed me to be your little sister. Other than that..."

"Seriously?"

"That's what you get for dating a celeb."

"And being related to one." Jc shut the stove off and prepared the sandwiches. "Want cheese?"

"You know it!" Jc handed her the cheeseburger and they headed out to the back porch. They ate in silence and stared out into the back yard. An hour later Justin showed to work with Jc on a few songs. Jordan let him go and sat in the back yard alone in the sunset. She scrapped at the designer plate in her lap and flicked the crumbs to the ground. She stood a few minutes later and walked into the kitchen, placing her plate gently into the dishwasher and walking up the stairs to her room. She sits in her chair and stares out her window. Jc's house has a great view. They

were outside of Orlando, where it was mostly rich people and you could see the beach through the trees. It was so beautiful Jordan fell asleep dreaming to it.

Chapter 4:

"Hey Jordan. Jordan?" She opened her eyes. Lance was standing there, smiling. "Hey sleepy head. I thought maybe you might want to be in your bed." She smiled and held out her arms. Lance pulled her up. "Okay come on." He helped her to her bed and lied her down. She grinned and Lance chuckled. "Dork."

"You know the definition of a dork in a whales penis?" Lance went wide-eyed. "Its true so you just called me a whale's penis."

"Okay you do need your sleep." He tucked her in and lies down next to her on top of the sheets. "Me and they guys are heading out to the studio. You stay here and don't be stupid." Jordan batted at him, rolling onto her side. Lance kissed her and stood up. "Love you."

"I love you." Jordan closed her eyes and Lance smiled. He walked out of the room, shutting her bedroom door. He heads downstairs and out the door to his car.

"I hope she'll be okay. She seemed a little odd yesterday." Jc said.

"Oh she'll be okay. She just needs sleep." Lance said, pulling out of the driveway.

"Maybe she'll be a naughty girl and have a party while were gone." Joey said.

"And if she's smart she'll wait for me before the real fun begins." Chris said, laughing. Justin smacked him.

"Thank you." Jc said. They all smiled, except for Chris who groaned.

"Party poopers."

*

Jordan groaned. She heard some drawers opening and closing, covering her head. It didn't take long for her to realize that she shouldn't be hearing that and sat up. There was a man in black going through her desk drawers. "Who the hell are you?" He turned, pointing a gun at her. She gasped and stared at the barrel.

"Oh your awake. Good. Now we can have some fun." Jordan shot up and ran to her door. The man grabbed her arm but she pushed him off. She ran down to Jc's room, shutting the door and locking it. She grabbed the phone.

"Hello?" Jc answered. Jordan gasped when the man started to pound on the door.

"Jc didn't you turn on the security lock when you left?"

"Damn I forgot. Do you know how?"

"I'm kind of-," She screams when the door is pounded on harder.

"Jordan what's happening?"

"There is a man who broke into our home. He's trying to get into your room where I am, I didn't hear him... hurry and get home." She screams when the door is busted open. "He has a gun!" She dropped it. The man smiles and rushes over, grabbing Jordan and throwing her to the bed.

“Jordan I’m coming!” Jc yelled into the phone. The man picked it up.

“She’ll be dead by then, and I’ll be long gone.” The man threw the phone across the room. It hit the wall and broke. Jordan screamed when he grabbed at her again. He pulled off his belt, tying her arms around her back. “Now go downstairs girl.” Jordan was pulled to her feet and pushed towards the stairs. She was about to cry. Once down, she was pulled into the office. She noticed the front door was shut. She started to tear up when she turned around, seeing the man locking the door and grinning.

“Please don’t hurt me. I didn’t do anything to you.” Jordan fell back into the office chair.

“Oh I’m not going to hurt you, intentionally.” He laughed and unzipped his pants. Jordan stood and walked to the corner, shaking her head.

“No. NO!” He grabbed her and reached down, rubbing between her legs really hard. She cried harder. Out of reflex, when he grabbed her ass her leg swung forward and hit her knee into his crotch. He gasped and stumbled back. “Don’t touch me!”

“Oh you little bitch.” Jordan walked over and kicked him again. He swung his hand up and across her face, knocking Jordan to the ground. He walked over to grab his gun. He pulled the safety on it, pointing it at her head.

“Please don’t kill me. They will find you and put you in jail!”

“I’ll be long gone by then.” He puts his finger on the trigger. Jordan growls and the office door burst open. The man pulled the trigger and Jordan cried out in pain. Jc tackled the man to the ground and he shot Jordan in the gut when he fell. Jordan rolled onto her back and she saw Jc scream, hitting the man in the face. Joey and Lance came running into the room. Lance ran over to Jordan.

“You’re going to be okay baby. Don’t worry. Did he hurt you?”

“He shot me Lance of course he *winced* hurt me.” Jordan groaned and saw her blood on the ground. Lance quickly put his hand over her wound and reached around untying the belt. When undone, Jordan put her hand onto her gut over Lance’s. His arm went around her and he was in tears.

“I’m not going to lose you.”

“Lance I’m not dying, just a little lightheaded that’s all.” Jordan rolls her head back and Lance holds it up with his arm.

“Stay awake Jordan. You need to...” Lance choked and put his head on her chest. Jordan laughed.

“I am going to sleep anyways when they arrive and take me away. And when I wake up, I will either be in a bed with you watching me, or in heaven.”

“Don’t leave me baby. I love you Jordan.” Lance turned his head, looking up at Jordan with red eyes. “I don’t cry like this unless I mean it.”

“I... lance, I love you too now quit talking about losing me or...” Jordan passed out. Lance pulled her up and tilted her head against his chest.

“Jordan, no. Don’t leave me baby. Please just stay with us.” Lance cried and Jc was holding back his tears. Joey held him and he broke down. The last he cried so hard was when his

parents died. Joey held onto him, rocking him back and forth. Justin and Chris were holding down the robber and silently crying. Jc's fists of fury knocked out the robber. Soon the police and ambulance arrived to take him and Jordan away.

*

"Oh please don't die Jordan." Jc paced the waiting room. "Man I can't lose you too." Lance was red-eyed and Joey was holding him. "Man my little sister, god this is my fault."

"How is it your fault?" Justin asked.

"I was the one who forgot to set the security. Man, Jordan was sleeping and she sleeps like the dead! I should have doubly checked. If I did we wouldn't have this problem."

"If you did, Jordan wouldn't have heard the intruder. It wouldn't have made a difference Jc."

"Yes, it would have contacted the police and possibly scared the guy away. I should have killed him." Jc growled and clenched his fists. Chris grabbed him, rubbing his shoulders.

"Calm down. She'll be fine." Jc couldn't see the worry on Chris's face, but Justin saw it. They all knew Jordan was shot in a bad spot. She could and might have died.

"Are you Jc Chaisez? Jordan Chaisez's sister?" A man walked up. Jc looked up and nodded, walking over. "Hi, I'm Dr. Riviera."

"Hi. So how is she?" Lance stood and walked behind Jc.

"She's just got out of surgery. She lost a lot of blood but we won't know if anything major is wrong until she wakes." Jc and Lance sighed, and the others smiled slightly.

"Can we go and see her?" Lance asked. The doctor nodded and he led them down the hall. He opened her door and they saw her there with tubes going in and out of her. Lance walked in and sat next to her.

"I'll leave you guys alone." Lance rubbed her hand, slipping his fingers through hers. Jc leaned against the wall.

"I promised mom and dad I'd keep her safe." Jc said. Joey stood next to him, kissing him lightly on the forehead.

"You did. You saved her. If you didn't run through the house she might be dead now." Jc didn't smile.

"But still..."

"You saved her C." Lance looked up. "Your parents are proud I know that." Lance leaned down and kissed Jordan's hand lightly. Joey hugged Jc and smiled into his neck.

"Don't blame yourself babe." The others agreed. Jc sighed and hugged Joey back.

"Blame the robber." Jordan said, quietly. They all gasped and looked at Jordan. She slowly opened her eyes and squinted. Lance smiled and kissed her hand again. "Who is holding my hand? The light is blinding me."

"Its me. Lance is holding your hand." Lance kissed it again and Jordan smiled. "Hey baby."

"Hi. Where is everyone else?" Jordan was talking quietly and slowly, still very dazed.

"We are right here little one." Chris walked over, hovering over her head. "Your safe and sound."

"Okay though I'm dazed and confused I'm not retarded." Jordan lightly chuckled but winced, grabbing her stomach.

"Careful, you just came from surgery." Jordan groan and Lance squeezed her hand tightly. Jordan squeezed back and slightly smiled.

"Hey you need to rest Jordan. Just take it easy." Jc walked over and kissed her head lightly.

"Oh my big brother came and saved me. The last I remember of you was jumping up and down punching the shit out of the guy." Jc laughed and sit down.

"Yeah he got what he deserved." Jc smiled and rested his head on the bed. Jordan put her hand on it and ran her fingers through his hair.

"I love all of you. You saved me." Jordan blinked slowly, started to fall back asleep.

"Go to sleep baby. We won't leave you." Jordan smiled and fell back asleep.

"I love you Lance."

*

*Can this be true?
Tell me, can this be real?
How can I put into words what I feel?
My life was complete
I thought I was whole
Why do I feel like I'm losing control?
I never thought that love could feel like this
and you've changed my world with just one kiss.
How can it be that right here with me
there's an angel?
It's a miracle...*

*Your love is like a river
Peaceful and deep
Your soul is like a secret
That I never could keep
When I look into your eyes
I know that its true
God must have spent...
A little more time
On you...
(A little more time, yes he did baby)*

*In all of creation
All things great and small*

*You are the one that surpasses them all
More precious than
Any diamond or pearl
They broke the mold
When you came in this world
And I'm trying hard to figure out
Just how I ever did without
The warmth of your smile
The heart of a child
That's deep inside
Leaves me purified*

*Your love is like a river
Peaceful and deep (and deep)
Your soul is like a secret
That I never could keep
When I look into your eyes
I know that it's true
God must have spent...
A little more time
On you...*

*Never thought that love could feel like this
and you changed my world with just one kiss.
How can it be that right here with me
There's an angel?
It's a miracle...*

*Your love is like a river
Peaceful and deep
your soul is like a secret
that I never could keep
when I look into your eyes
I know that its true
God must have spent...
A little more time
on you...*

*God must have spent...
A little more time
on you
(on you, on you...you...you...ooh...yeah)
A little more time
on you*

"Lance. Huh?" Jordan opened her eyes. Lance was sitting there, singing softly to her. "Oh Lance."

"Hey baby." Lance leaned over and softly kissed her. "How are you feeling?"

"Better now that you sung to me. Why did you?"

"I wanted you to feel better, that's all." She smiled and pulled him down close to her face.

"Mmm, thank you." She lightly kissed his lips, running her hand through his hair. Lance sighed, pressing against her lightly. He pulled away soon after. "What's wrong?"

"I just... I want to give you something." Lance sat up, walking over to his bag. "Here." He pulled out a box and handed it to her. Jordan rolled onto her back and opened it. Inside was a silver cross; similar to the one Lance always wore around his neck. She went wide-eyed and looked at his neck. It wasn't there.

"Lance I can't take this! This is yours."

"Now it is yours." Lance pulled the necklace out of the box, undoing the chain. "I want you to wear it all the time so you know I'll always be there even if not in person." He put it around her neck, hooking it in the back. "I love you and thought it will bring you some more peace into your life." Jordan smiled and hugged Lance.

"Wow, I don't know what to say." She kissed his cheek. "I love you so much."

"I love you too." Lance kissed her, placing his hands onto her chest. Jordan held onto him tightly and kissed him back, licking at his lips. "I'm never letting you go."

"Ever since I lost my parents, I felt so lost. I knew I could never fill that hole again, but with you and Jc and the guys here... it makes it all worth it." Jordan chuckled and kissed Lance again. He climbed onto the bed and lies next to her.

"I'm so lucky to have you. Your parents, for sure, are very grateful we are here to take care of you."

"I am too." Jordan snuggled into Lance, feeling the coldness of the silver pressing against her chest. She sighed and held Lance's hand. "I'm never letting you go, ever."

"Same here." Lance kissed her head and sighed, lying back onto the bed. They ended up dozing off after that.